

THE HISTORY

OF THE

Famous and Passionate LOVE,

BETWEEN A

Fair Noble Parisian LADY,

AND A

Beautiful Young Singing-MAN;

A

Chanter in the Quire of Nôtre-Dame in Paris,

AND A

SINGER in OPERA'S.

A N

Heroic POEM.

In Two CANTO'S.

Being in Imitation of *Virgil's DIDO* and *ÆNEAS*; and shews all the Passions of a Proud Beauty, compell'd by Love, to abandon her self to her Inferiour; and after Enjoyment being forsaken, how she Reveng'd her self, and recovered her Honor.

Licensed, *January 26th. 1691.*

LONDON, Printed for *Randal Taylor*, 1692.

THE
EPISTLE
TO THE
READER.

T*His Poem was design'd for an Epsode to that called the DÆNEIDS; as that of Dido is to the ÆNEIDS; but being long, 'twas thought by some, if it was joyn'd with the other, it wou'd give too great an interruption to that short Story, and swell it too large for this Age, which seems to have lost its taste of Poetry; and must be dealt with, as sick People are, have a little at a time given 'em, of what we wou'd have 'em swallow. This Poem therefore is Printed by it self, which it will very well bear, being in it self an intire Story; but there are several Lines in this and the other, which will help to joyn 'em together, if the Reader pleases. Both of 'em are a kind of Burlesque, directly contrary to that of Virgil Travestie, for that makes a Hero and Heroine talk like Higlers or Costardmongers, and this represents Priests, Chanters and Vergers, like Gods and Heroes. I have in some places burlesqu'd some parts of Virgil, in others endeavour'd to imitate him, and elsewhere to translate him.*

The Epistle to the Reader.

But I am no servile Translator. I care not what the Laws of Translation are; I am a Free-born Subject of England, and will not be put in Fetters, but by the Laws of the Kingdom. I never saw any man chain himself to an Author, without spoiling both their meens. Two men cannot row like Galley-Slaves, lock'd together, with a very good Grace. I have also in this and the other Poem, made bold with the Dean, Quire, Vergers, and Church of Nôtre-Dame. I have put the Priests in an English Dress, and Pews into that Popish Church for the hearing of Sermons, where perhaps none are preach'd; but I have reason for this Confidence; French men are our King's Subjects, and ought to obey our Customs; that Cathedral too was built by English, therefore we have a right to Pews there, and I hope we shall have the Possession o' some, by the help of our King's Valour and Conduct. It would be hard, if we might not manage how we will for our Diversion, the Pictures of a few French Priests: France long Govern'd our Princes and Ministers of State, and made our whole Nation a Jest.

This little Poem being part o' the DÆNEIDS, humbly flies for Refuge to the same great Person whither the other is gone. And I take this opportunity of Addressing while the State permits him to be at leisure for these Trifles, which sure will not be long, in this Age so barren of great Men. And how much so ever he may love Repose, he may venture on Business, since he has an Understanding to make all things easy to him.

A N
 Heroic P O E M
 In Two C A N T O ' S :

Being in Imitation of
 Virgil's *D I D O* and *Æ N E A S*, &c.

C A N T O I.

THE wealthy Cities insolently bomb'd,
 The Towns in their own ashes deep entomb'd;
 The Lands made desolate, to People graves,
 Or worse, the Gallies to supply with Slaves ;
 All by that Royal *Boutefeu*'s command,
 His Vassals flatter with the name *Le Grand* ;
 Have some Revenge from proud *Parisian* Dames,
 Who ruin *Paris*, by their wanton Flames ;

B

Fire

Fire, Beds and Hearts; melt Hills o' Money down,
 Enslave the Men, and almost sack the Town.
 High among these a fair One shot her Light,
 In Equipage, in Robes, in Beauty bright.
 Lofty she was in Marriage, Birth, and Size,
 Her terrible Commode besieged the Skies;
 And threatned Stars; as having need of none,
 Brighter than Heaven she thought her Person shone,
 Heaven one blue Robe, one Sett o' Gems has worn
 Thousands o' years; a want she had in scorn.
 When she to Church, Court, Balls or Plays repair'd,
 She in new Garments, Modes, and Jewels glar'd.
 Fresh Roses hourly in her Cheeks were blown,
 She was the lasting Summer of the Town;
 Which never-failing Heat and Lustre gave,
 Dazling the Fair, inflaming all the Brave.
 Thousands desir'd her, thousands she desir'd,
 For with a raging Flame, her Blood was fir'd.
 But, Oh! the Wonder! the whole Town sh' embrac'd
 Hotly in Thought, yet she in Fact was chaste.
 Vast numbers sought her Love, and she sought theirs;
 Spread for 'em and receiv'd 'em in her Snares,
 But lodg'd not one, or in her Arms, or Heart;
 Held by Religion to her great desert.
 She thought her Beauty cou'd not be deserv'd,
 So by her Pride, her Honour was preserv'd.

Her

Her self sh' ador'd, and all things else disdain'd,
 Her lawless Pride o'er all her Vices reign'd.
 Pride married her to a rich High-born Lord ;
 Sh' espous'd the Title, but the Man abhor'd.
 To this half Husband, she half Duties paid,
 Kept when a Wife, the coldness of a Maid.
 Her Kisses had no spirit, warmth or taste ;
 And she was ravish'd when she was embrac'd.
 This toyl so tiresome to him, and unjust,
 To Strumpets turn'd the torrent of his Lust.
 With this enrag'd, for a Revenge, she sought
 Some gallant Lover, worthy of her Thought.
 But such a Man she fear'd was yet unborn,
 All men to her seem'd made but for her scorn,
 For Trophies to her Eyes ; so round she rov'd,
 Wounding and killing, curst yet much lov'd.
 But pitying Fate at length the world reliev'd,
 Made her the scorn o' those she long had griev'd.
 The Church she much frequented and the Plays,
 To be gaz'd on by all, on all to gaze.
 She found in both a dangerous ambuscade
 In lovely *Minnam* for her ruin laid ;
 So was the young enchanting Chanter nam'd,
 For Angel's voice and Woman's beauty fam'd ;
 The Churches Flower, the prettiest Scene in Plays,
 Best decoration of the *Opera's*.

His voice entic'd her careless Eye to stray
 O'er his sweet Face, where *Cupids* lurking lay;
 Which as she gaz'd wou'd from each feature start,
 And in her Veins dip an invenom'd Dart.
 Much pain she felt, but what she wou'd not know,
 For she abhor'd to think of love so low;
 Yet something whisper'd in her Soul 'twas Love:
 To strangle the bold whisperer she strove,
 As a malicious Poysoner of her ease.
 This strife but gave more strength to her Disease,
 Which grew apparent by a thousand Pains,
 Glowed in her Bones, and boil'd in all her Veins,
 Smoak'd up in Sighs, through all her Marrow spread,
 From her fair Cheeks lick'd up the Rosy red;
 Beat high in her disorder'd Pulse and Heart,
 Wept in her Eyes, and rag'd in every part.
 Around her, through her, ran the melting Flame,
 She plainly saw approaching Death or Shame.
 Ah! now the Church she curst, all Plays she damn'd,
 And wou'd not see 'em more, or hear 'em nam'd.
 Churches and Prayers she banish'd from her thought,
 What e'er into her mind, his image brought.
 With sweet Peace-breeding Musick she made War,
 She burnt her Song-Books, broke her rich Gittar.
 Musick elsewhere disorders might controul,
 But every Note bred tumults in her Soul.

She

She burnt and blush'd if any mention'd Songs,
 Or talk'd of *Crotchets*, *Quavers*, *Briefs* or *Longs*.
 Into her Cheeks those Engines forc't her Blood,
 And made, she thought, her Folly understood.
 A while she sought the Secret to secure
 In Solitude; no Visits wou'd endure.
 But there her Torments were too great to bear;
 The Chanter's Form seiz'd and devour'd her there;
 Closely pursu'd her wheresoe'er she fled.
 She cou'd not 'scape the Ravisher i' Bed.
 Down lay the wanton Image by her side,
 And kiss'd and forc'd her spite of all her Pride.
 Whole Nights it ruffled her; nor fled at Day.
 Slumbers it from her Eyes kept long away.
 Whene'er she slept, it broke her brittle Rest,
 And shed the only Balm that eas'd her Brest.
 Now Solitude she loath'd; abroad she sprung,
 To lose her Grief, in many a gamesome Throng.
 Her ratling Coach in Visits shook the Town,
 Her madness oft call'd where she was not known.
 Her Friends scarce knew her, such a change was seen,
 In her late Gaiety, and lofty Meen.
 Now mute she sat, or wide were her Replies;
 Fair *Minnum*'s form wou'd in her Fancy rise,
 His charming Voice wou'd hover round her Ear,
 Nothing but *Minnum* cou'd she mind or hear.

Madly

Madly she rov'd about, but all in vain;
 Like a fair Hind shot by a wandring Swain,
 Trying his Arrows in a Field too near
 The Wood where skipp'd th'unwary wanton Deer,
 She flies; the Arrow sticks; nay every bound
 Strikes it more deep into her throbbing wound.
 All arts this Beauty try'd encreas'd her pain,
 Which now her heart no longer cou'd contain.
 One morning with her flowing Tears bedew'd,
 When sleep she vainly had all night pursu'd;
 Thus to her faithful Woman she confest,
 Her half-craz'd Brain, and inward bleeding Brest.
 Oh, *Fan*! Dear *Fan*! burst out the raving Fair,
 Advise, assist thy Lady' in deep Despair.
 I've entertain'd a fatal shameful Flame
 For a poor Youth, I blush and hate to name.
 I know to me he never dares aspire,
 And I must wooe, or die in raging Fire.
 I'll die e're wooe, or by a Slave be woo'd,
 And rather shed than share my Noble Blood.
 Her tender Confident kindly replies,
 Ah, Madam! dearer to me than my Eyes,
 I learn'd your Grief before at Church and Playes,
 By your oft Oglings, and your lavish Praise
 Of *Minnum*----- 'Ere the Name was far in Air,
 Upstart'd in a rage the guilty Fair,

Catch'd

Catch'd madly at the words already gone,
 Held back the shameful Floud was hastning on ;
 Tore her Night-dress, then sunk into the Bed,
 There eagerly she wept, and hid her head.
 Kind sympathizing *Fan* pledg'd her in Grief;
 Wept much ; but knowing that was small Relief,
 She sought with Comforts of a solid kind,
 To raise her Lady in Body and in Mind.
 Said she, I'd help you to suppress this Flame,
 Did I believe it either Sin or Shame ;
 Madam, y'ave free disposal of your Bed,
 To you, your wicked Lord has long been dead.
 Sometimes the Devil of Drunkenness assumes
 His Corps and with strange Yellings shakes your Rooms.
 He makes your House as horrible a Hell,
 As the lewd Brothels where he's damn'd to dwell.
 His Soul is then by an Infernal Crew
 Of Whores, those Brands of Hell, burnt far from you.
 Madam, his Crimes your Liberty restore,
 I'th' Eye of Heav'n a Husband he's no more.
 A sentenc'd Traytour breath awhile may draw,
 But he is breathless i' the Eye of Law.
 Your Trait'rous Lord's a Shadow in this sence,
 He can no more make any just Pretence
 To ought from you, but Punishment severe ;
 You greatly sin if Justice you defer.

In deeds of Justice Shame there can be none ;
 But you'd not stain his Honour and your own
 By execution with a vulgar Sword.
 With a King's weapon you'd behead your Lord ;
 The rather since your self must give the blow,
 Madam, your Touch a Value will bestow.
 Some Lords, no doubt, wou'd part with their white
 For *Minnun's* Title to your snowy Hands. (Wands,
 For your sake, Madam, great Respect is paid,
 By noblest Lords, to me your humble Maid ;
 How'll he be honour'd then whom you shall place
 In that high courted Station, your Embrace,
 And by your Seals of Love, your Peer create ?
 He need not envy Ministers of State.
 But your nice Palate cannot relish Fruit,
 Which had its Rise out of a dirty Root.
 With a vain Scruple you your self torment,
 Madam, all Flesh from Dirt has its Descent.
 From Soil comes Grass, from Grass the Food we eat ;
 We are in part the Off-springs of our Meat.
 Who tastes in pleasant Fruit its Parent Tree ?
 Or who in Beauty its poor Pedigree ?
 Who knows their Stocks ? Love often changes streins,
 Gives with vile Blood a dash to noble Veins ;
 Enriches Peasants with the blood of Lords :
 For our Descent we've but our Mothers Words.

Mean

Mean birth is handsome *Minnum's* only blot.
 Sure though low-born he nobly was begot !
 So fine a Piece no Vulgar Work-man made ;
 He plainly is with Quality inlai'd.
 All Beauty's Noble, born with Right to reign ;
 Come how it will, that Crown removes the stain.
 You are most Noble, Madam ; for that cause
 Let nothing give your sacred Pleasure Laws.
 Scorn empty Censure ; let none have the pow'r
 To be Electors of your Emperour,
 Or Slave (for so he'll be) ; Why shou'd your Choice
 Of your own Slaves, attend the publick Voice ?
 Think nothing but your self worth your regard,
 Your own great Merit, your own way reward.
 If you'll needs pay the World respect so high,
 Out of vain Terrour of its Ear and Eye,
 In this Affair you'd softly darkly creep ;
Minnum's sweet Voice can lay the World asleep.
 Let him your Voice and Skill in *Song* improve ;
 And with that Noise drown all the Talk of *Love*.
 But oh ! you fear you must descend to woee ;
 That he'll not dare to aim so high as you.
 Without your leave it is not fit he shou'd ;
 But you may soon put Spirit in his Bloud,
 By Oglings, Presents, and a thousand ways,
 When-e'er you please you may his Courage raise.

C

Thus

Thus she more fir'd, her too much burning Brest
 Her too much fainting Modesty suppress;
 Fixt her in Sin. Her Sorrow blown away,
 She rises, ventures in the Eye of Day.
 Her Cheeks with Lust, and not with Blushes, blaze,
 Resolv'd on War, new Colours she displays
 In bloody Paint; her Cheeks have double Dye.
 Her Heart beats hard to meet the Enemy.
 O'er-pleas'd with Thoughts of her delightful Crime,
 She trembles----- nothing fears but loss o' time.
 She pants, sighs, dresses, puts on ev'ry Grace,
 Then sends her *Woman* on the am'rous Chace.
 The Dev'l who knew the Plot so wisely wrought,
Fan quickly found the Mischief which she sought.
 The minute *Fan* on her Embassy fled,
 The Devil near the door sweet *Minnum* led.
Anne stopt him, and a pleasing Message told,
 Said *Beauty* waited for him here with Gold,
 Desiring him to use his happy Skill
 In her, what highly pleas'd her, to instill.
 From him she had the best and sweetest shakes:
 The words he in a modest sense mistakes;
 And swiftly mounts to the hid mighty Snare.
 Ah, how the News struck the sick-longing Fair!
 In *Fan's* Embraces she fell cold and wan.
Fan shriek'd; the Maids in frights confus'dly ran

To

To help their Lady, and in shrieks as shrill,
 Unknown, gave bodings of great hastning Ill,
 Which now trod lightly o'er their Ladies Face,
 But in her Heart would shortly have their place.
 Her rallying Spirits now defeat their Foes;
 Her Paleness ebbs, her Rosie Colour flows,
 Life, Beauty, Vigour get their former seat;
 Now *Fan* calls *Minum*, and the Maids retreat.
 'Tween *Minum's* Beauty, and her inward Guilt;
 Once more the fair One faints, her Red is spilt.
 Speechless she stood, breathless almost awhile;
 And only spoke his Welcome with a Smile.
 That confus'd silent Interval was short,
 Then in high Praise of him she made her Court;
 O'erwhelm'd the Youth with Praise, he stagger'd, bent
 Under th'oppressing Storm; yet on she went;
 Almost told all the Secrets of her Heart,
 But rein'd her Words as they began to start.
 In other Modes her Suit she then pursu'd,
 And the fair Youth by Ostentation woo'd.
 Of all her large, richly-adorn'd Abode;
 And her bright Closet thick with Jewels sow'd.
 From Orbs of Rings, a shining one she chose
 Loaded with Gems, and on the Youth bestows.
 The Present dazzled; yet it shot a Light
 Which of her Aims gave him imperfect sight.

Near her she seats him, then a Song desires,
 At once the Skreen and Fuel to their Fires.
 Ah! in that Air how thick the *Cupids* flew!
 How fast, at both, deep-piercing Darts they threw!
 He sigh'd, he trembled; oft his Paper fell;
 He sung, but neither of 'em knew if well.
 Yet all seem'd well though in or out of Tune;
 He sung, both sigh'd, and languish'd; on came Noon.
 She staid consuming, he inflam'd withdrew;
 Both long'd and wish'd for a new Interview,
 Which he next morning eagerly repeats,
 And she more lavishly her Gifts and Treats.
 Thus plainly challeng'd by the urging Fair,
 High rose his Courage, he begins to dare,
 His Bosom almost burst with tort'ring Love,
 Which now with Violence for Freedom strove;
 Flew to its Tongue, and almost forc'd its way,
 But still a Tyrant, Modesty, had sway;
 Which held in cruel Pangs his lab'ring Brest:
 So tore his words, their sence cou'd scarce be guess't.
 Both talk'd, but neither of 'em well knew what:
 Songs were oft nam'd, and were as oft forgot.
 In tangling Clues of Beams their Eyes entwin'd;
 By Wishes in all Parts they closely join'd.
 But meddling Modesty between 'em slept.
 Oh with what Pains their Lips a distance kept!

Pulling

Pulling against th' attraction of a kiss,
 And throwing off th' encroaching rampant bliss ?
 In these intestine Bosom Fewds, this Morn
 And some days more were idly lost and torn.
 At length their Modesty to death was teiz'd,
 And both took Resolutions to be eas'd.
 He came with firm Decrees to break all Bars,
 She for the same Design that hour prepares.
 In Walls of Forms she'd make no more Defence,
 Which prolong'd War at her hearts great expence.
 Her Troops are now in exact order spread
 In th' open naked Field of Love, her Bed.
 There like *Aurora* on a gentle Wave,
 She Audience to her eager Lover gave.
 Tempted beyond what mortal cou'd resist,
 Her white hot Hand he seiz'd and hotly kiss'd,
 Then pour'd out all his Soul. Her rowling Eyes,
 Sighs, tender Pressings, gave him kind replies.
 Emboldned to her Bosom he advanc'd,
 Then both a while in Raptures were entranc'd ;
 Only in Pantings, and by silence spoke.
 At length a murm'ring smoaking Flood out broke,
 Of kindest Words, hot Kisses, Sighs and Tears,
 Which bore down all his Modesty and hers.
 All thoughts of Vertue and its guardian Pride
 Were chas'd away ; all Pleasure was enjoy'd,

Love's

Love's ripe and plenteous Vintage cou'd bestow,
 And from plump luscious Grapes well prest cou'd flow.
 That Day they part not, nor the ensuing Night,
 They melt down both in ravishing Delight.
 Both often swore never to part in Mind,
 And grieve their Bodies e'er shou'd be disjoyn'd ;
 Into each other with their whole cou'd flow,
 And by strong Roots firm to each other grow.
 So joyn'd they are, let what will step between,
 Something has hold of both by Ties unseen,
 For all Affairs, and Locks and Walls too strong,
 And will not let 'em be asunder long.
 They gaz'd, they sung, they kiss'd the Morn away ;
 Love only by some forms ador'd by Day,
 Made some Processions round his outward Courts ;
 Devout preparatives for close resorts
 At Night, to his Recesses most conceal'd,
 Where all his Sacred Mysteries were reveal'd.

CANTO

CANTO II.

Long were they happy ; fifty times and more,
The Sun his daily Heats had gallop'd o'er,
And always found 'em hot as he, and near :
Night as oft found 'em in a mad Career.
At length, Fame with the Story chanc'd to meet,
Then it ran fast. Than Fame no ill more fleet.
By travelling she thrives, her Sinews grow ;
She first sets out weak, timorous and low ;
But soon she far in Air begins to spread,
And fills the Earth, while Clouds conceal her Head.
She is a vast swift Monster, feather'd round,
But does not more in Plumes, than Eyes abound,
Which rarely sleep ; than noisy Tongues which walk
All Day in Shades, yet waste the Night in talk.
From lofty Towers, Realms, from repose she frights,
And both in Fiction and in Truth delights.
O'er joy'd, with babble she supplied the Crowd,
Things done, things never done she sung aloud.
How this proud fair with *Mimum* cool'd her Fire,
And he for her forsook the Stage and Quire.

This

This Story sullied with Inventions foul,
 The fluttish Goddess pour'd in every Bowl,
 Plenteously mixt in every Dish in Town,
 That at all Entertainments it went down.
 At length she lights at the great Dean's Alcove,
 And much inflames that Ecclesiastick Jove.
 Said she, has all Church-Lightning lost its Heat,
 Church-Thunder lost its Bolts, Can it but threat?
 Is it but lowing Clouds, and bleating Air,
 A young Retainer to the Church shou'd dare
 To disgrace yours, contemn the Church's sway,
 And slight your lovely Niece, *Lavinia*;
 The brightest Prentice in the Change, or Town?
 Her Shop when she is there, appears a Throne.
 Her Yard-wand seems a Scepter in her Hand,
 All the Town Gallants are at her Command.
 She shuns 'em all, and *Mimum* she adores,
 Who melts his time, himself with wanton Whores.
 The mighty Church-Power heard, enkindled fast,
 His Verger to the Youth dispatch'd with hast.
 Fly swift (said he) to this bold Debauchee,
 Who wrongs at once the Church, my Niece, and me.
 This will not much his handsome Mother please:
 She promis'd better things of him than these:
 That he in Song shou'd to high Fame attain,
 Give the Quire Laws, o'er all the Chanters reign.

By

By Marriage with my Niece he's sure of Rule ;
 Cannot such Glory stir the stupid Fool ?
 What can he hope from Harlots, kissing Foes ?
 His Life they 'ndanger, at the least his Nose.
 These sinful Leagues always conclude in strife,
 Drubs from the Husband, Poxes from the Wife.
 If this lewd Course he does not leave and loath,
 My Niece he loses, and his Office both.
 This spoken, forwards the Church *Merc'ry* pac'd,
 With all his Ornaments by Fortune grac'd,
 For then it Chim'd to Prayers : his Gown was on,
 His Head in a new Cap of Sattin shone.
 He bore his bright Inchanting Silver Rod,
 With which he serves, diserves the drowzy God ;
 Leads Souls to happy Seats, and Slumbers deep,
 And often wakes 'em out of heavy Sleep :
 Of Graves call'd Pews he locks, unlocks the Doors,
 Guides Souls to Shades, and back to Light restores.
 With his wing'd Robe, Rod tip'd with Turtles Wings,
 The Divine *Mercury* to *Minnum* springs,
 And finds the *Hero* dressing for the Quire ;
 But, ah ! profan'd with Ranting lay Attire ;
 Of his Love-Victories the wealthy Spoils,
 And bold Confessions of his Nightly Toils.
 Him the Envoy invades ; and word for word,
 Told what was utter'd by his Heavenly Lord ;

D

Then

Then vanish'd into thin, and spacious Air,
 With Horrour stiff-upstart *Mimum's* Hair;
 Bore from his Head the Wig which hedg'd it round,
 In his cold freezing Jaws his Voice was drown'd.
 Affrighted by Commands from one so great,
 From his sweet Crimes he thinks of a Retreat.
 But, ah! what Words, what Heart he shou'd assume,
 To his high-spirited Dear to break this Doom,
 He knew not: various ways he rack'd his Mind,
 Now he's to her, anon to Heaven inclin'd.
 Hell he fears much, and loss of Heavenly Joy,
 More the great Dean, and loss of his Employ;
 But of the Husband he stood most afraid,
 And on his Soul drubs most impression made.
 So he concluded 'twas the safest way,
 To take this warning, and the Dean obey;
 Forsake his pleasant, but most dangerous Sin,
 Preserve his Soul, his Office and his Skin.
 And with the Dean resolves to make his Peace,
 By this Nights Service, and deserve his Niece.
 But to tread softly in this new Amour,
 Till in his Arms *Lavinia* was secure:
 Mean while all Sounds and Colours to devise,
 Cou'd Cheat the injur'd Beautie's Ears and Eyes.
 This Nights unlook'd for Parting to excuse,
 He *Billet-doux* with *Billet-doux* pursues;

Curses his Stars and Fate, the Tyrants will,
 And strives to gild the nauseous bitter Pill.
 In spite o' those thin Arts the fraud was bare,
 Lovers soon feel in Love, the least cool Air.
 And impious Fame brands in her Bosom threw,
 All *Minnum's* falsehood told; abroad she flew,
 Like one from *Bedlam* broke with heavy Chains:
 This raving Beauty batter'd her own Brains
 With her Love-fetters; madly hurried on,
 Whither she knew not, for her Sense was gone.
 The Warriours chosen for the great Design,
 In the Dean's Palace then were deep in Wine.
 Thither this Beauty pale, her Visage rent,
 Drove by *Fan's* Conduct, and for *Minnum* sent.
 Out *Minnum* starts, then thus his Ears she bruis'd,
 False Slave (said she) have I my self abus'd
 To please thy Love, and dar'st thou fly from me?
 What! from a Beauty of my Quality?
 And for a stitching Wench, who earns her Bread,
 Whose Life depends upon a rotten Thred?
 For thee I wrong'd my Noble Lord, my Soul,
 Nay my high Blood, now with dishonour foul.
 Now a poor Wench must have my dear-bought Joys,
 I must have nothing but thy Frauds and Lyes.
 If ever I was kind to thee, or dear;
 If e'er thy Passion was like mine sincere,

If Pity in thy Heart can find a room,
 For me, or thy own Infant in my Womb,
 Warm with some kindness thy poor Child at least;
 Desert me not, till at my panting Breast,
 I see an Innocent sweet *Minnum* play;
 Then thou mayst take the treacherous one away.
 I shall not quite be of my Love bereft,
 The loveliest part of *Minnum* will be left.
 Pale *Minnum* started when she nam'd her Lord,
 Mus'd deeply on her Husbands Cane and Sword;
 Took both into his Heart, which made it hard,
 That to her Beauty he paid no regard:
 By all her Prayers and Tears he stood unbent,
 And stead o' closing, widen'd thus, the Rent.
 Madam, said he, I sigh th' Account y'ave brought,
 Whilst I've a Soul, you will delight my thought:
 Lovely you are, and loving you have been,
 Too kind; your Beauty and your Love gave sin,
 Enticing Beauties which undid us both;
 Your self I love, my sin I greatly loath.
 The Heavens and Earth have joyn'd, my Soul to save;
 My disturb'd Father rests not in his Grave,
 But haunts me Nightly; nay, the mighty Dean
 Hears I defile the Church with Life unclean,
 And threatens me with everlasting Fire;
 Nay, more, of me quickly to cleanse the Quire.

Destruction

Destruction in both Worlds attends our Crime,
 Oh! let us both repent and mend in time.
 Sweet Penitence will cleanse your Noble Blood.
 Madam, I must forsake you for your good,
 Else I am cruel to you, and unjust.
 I leave you with Regret, but part we must.
 Whilst thus he spoke, her Eyes around him walk'd,
 T' examine what provoking Monster talk'd.
 Wonder, Aversion held her silent long,
 At length a Floud of Rage thus forc'd her Tongue.
 Thou art to nothing soft or sweet a-kin,
 Thy Father ne'er touch'd *Flute* or *Violin*.
 No Woman bore thee, from some Rock th'art sprung,
 A Rock is able to repeat a Song.
 Pity or Love never came near thy Heart;
 More faithless than thy Fiddle-strings thou art,
 Which for their Truth on alt'ring Air relie,
 And as the Weather is are firm or flie.
 Traytour, I took thee'n Purse and Person bare,
 When many a Wench of both had had their share.
 Thy Finery, thy graceful Part is mine;
 And now, forsooth, I've made him Great, and shine,
 With Earth and Heav'n he is in high Esteem;
 His Father's Soul leaves Joys above for him.
 Suppose a *Soul* from Earth to Heav'n can pass,
 Wou'd it take such a Journey for an Ass?

Go,

Go, for thy Ruine, thy *Lavinia* wed;
 Anchor on Needles, seek thy floating Bread
 In the uncertain Air of windy Song,
 In a great waving Town ne'er fixing long;
 But what it lately lifted to the Skies
 Soon sinks to Hell; as Humours fall or rise.
 Shortly, wrack'd Wretch! split into Girls and Boys,
 And swimming only on thy frail Employs,
 Thou bitterly wilt curse our Parting Hour;
 And wish, once more, my Heart were in thy Pow'r:
 In vain, Scorn only shalt thou have from me.
 Then the tormenting, haunting Memory
 Of my Endearing Love for ever lost,
 Shall, like a Restless, Dire, Infernal Ghost,
 Freeze thee i' Bed, and blast thee at thy Board,
 Till thou'rt the verier Ghost, and more abhorr'd.
 This News will bring great Pleasure to my Ear,
 And be the only Musick I shall bear.
 Then she abruptly hurry'd from his Eyes,
 Left him in Fears, deep-studying soft Replies.
 Muse, leave him too a Moment, and attend
 The injur'd Fair, to give her Griefs an End.
 As drawn by Dragons home she swiftly whirl'd,
 There on her Bed her lovely Body hurl'd.
 Then sigh'd, wept, groan'd, oft into Swoonings fell;
 Oh! Love! to what canst thou not Hearts compel?

Love

Love drives this Beauty, late so full of Pride,
 Once more to wooe, once more to be deni'd.
 Submission she resolves by *Fan* to send,
 And leave no way untry'd the Youth to bend.
 Ah, *Fan*! said she, I cannot lose him so;
 With softest Words to haughty *Minnum* go.
 Ask for what Crimes I am thus odious grown;
 Besides my o'er-fond Love I know of none.
 And I desire that Errour to amend,
 I only beg for it an easier End;
 A Death less violent. I do not pray
 He wou'd cast off his fair *Lavinia*.
 Only stay with me, and my Voice improve,
 Till I have got the better of my Love.
 This Favour's innocent, and 'tis the last
 Return I beg, for all Endearings past.
 Kind *Fan* repeats her Message oft with Tears
 To *Minnum* vainly, Fate had stop'd his Ears.
 As on a Giant-Oak when Tempests crowd,
 And strongly strive to crush; th'Uproar is loud:
 Oft his vast Trunk beneath their Vigor bows,
 The Earth is beaten with her broken Boughs;
 Yet still their Hold his Roots unvanquish'd keep,
 His Head's not loftier than his Feet are deep.
 The *Heroe* thus attack'd by Tears and Pray'rs,
 Felt in his Bosom strong contending Cares,

And

And pitying Drops rowl'd down her Cheeks in vain ;
 His last Designs firm rooted still remain.
 The fair One then begg'd Death ; the Sight abhorr'd
 Of Heav'n, which on her Head such Ruine pour'd.
 'Twas Night, when the tyr'd World takes needful ease ;
 Silent were Fields, quiet were cruel Seas.
 Wild Winds were banish'd, lofty Woods were still,
 Stars seem'd to rest upon the Heav'nly Hill.
 Fast slept the Cattel, though in thorny Brakes,
 And deep the Fish, whether in oozy Lakes,
 Or in the murmuring, unquiet Streams.
 The watchful Dogs bark'd only in their Dreams.
 The breathless Air had not the Strength to wake
 The least of Birds, nor weakest Leaf to shake.
 Sleep in this Silence stole all Care away,
 But what in the unhappy Beauty lay.
 She in the gen'ral Peace not once engag'd ;
 Increasing Tempests in her Bosom rag'd.
 This cruel Night as bad a Day pursues,
 And to the wretched Lady brought the News,
Minnam with his new Love was seen to meet.
 Then twice and thrice she violently beat
 Her graceful Bosom, tore her flowing Hair,
 And on her Knees made this Revengeful Pray'r.

Let

Let him be plagu'd with a vexatious Race:
 Foul and lewd Whores lay waste his conqu'ring Face.
 For him bold Fools write and set ev'ry Song,
 Blockheads as daring hiss him right or wrong.
 Give him a plenteous Portion with his Wife,
 Of open Infamy, domestick Strife,
 Of Brats he'll dote upon, and not beget;
 And from their Arms let him be torn by Debt.
 Let horrid Lewdness drive him from the Quire,
 Then let not Players think him worth their hire.
 From them a starving Bargain let him pray,
 When he has gain'd it, forfeit all his Pay.
 Out of all Rule let him both sing and live,
 But Rules of Gaols; and those let him deceive:
 Till he's an universal Nuisance grown,
 For Debts and Riots into Dungeons thrown.
 His Beauty, Voice, Wife's Love, and Skill in Song,
 Oh! may he long survive, yet perish Young.
 Then may his Wife be forc'd to beg a Grave,
 And that be all the Land she'll ever have.
 May all my Friends all Harmony abhor,
 And with it wage an Everlasting War.
 Let fierce Dissenters from my Womb arise,
 Which may pursue all singing Colonies.

*In Churches, Musick-Meetings, on the Stage,
And with the Edge of Wit, and Fire of Rage
Be th' entire Extirpation of 'em all,
And 'stead of Musick fill the World with Brawl.*

This said; she shook with Resolutions dire;
Her rowling Eyes darted a threatning Fire.
Then a high Pile she rear'd of *Viols, Lutes,*
Of *Harpficals, Gittars, Haut-boys, and Flutes;*
Of *Songs and Tunes, of Airs* both grave and light:
She stack'd up *Crotchets* to a wond'rous height.
In greater heaps *Briefs, Sem-briefs, Quavers* lay,
Than *Billets* do on any Wharf or Key.
Her *Fiddles* made a little sounding Hill.
She had not one *Harmonious Utensil,*
She did not thrust into the bulky Crowd,
And the bewitching Bawds to fire she vow'd.
Pale and disorder'd then a shining Sword
She drew, belonging to her Noble Lord.
Mounting with Courage the Melodious Pile,
She wept, mus'd, sadly gaz'd on it awhile.
Then said, Y'ave oft dissolv'd my Cares in Song,
Now y'are my Griefs, but shall not be so long.
The Race my Fate ordain'd me I have run;
Ah! happy I, had it ne'er been begun,

And

And treach'rous *Minnum* ne'er had touch'd my Shore,
 Now I'm for Shades whence I return no more.
 Then deep she stab'd her Arm, and wrote in Bloud
 A Bond, to bind her self to all that's good,
 And shun all Ill, on Pain of suff'ring Hell,
 When she in Thought once more to Lewdness fell.
 Now a new Course of Life she close pursu'd;
 Her Lord to her, her self for him she woo'd.
 To the good Work apply'd with such Address,
 In little time she met admir'd Success.
 Their mutual Love was the World's Wonder grown;
 To enjoy each other they renounc'd the Town;
 To ever-happy Shades and Seats they went,
 And in all Bliss their following Moments spent.
Minnum was still to his past Love inclin'd;
 That she was dead to him much griev'd his Mind.
 The tuneful Hero, *Orpheus*-like, invades,
 For his lost Love, Furies and dang'rous Shades:
 But trusted not to Song, like him of old,
 On a wise *Sibyl* he rely'd, and Gold.
 Entrance he got in a Wood thick and wide,
 Where walking all alone his Love he spi'd.
 Dimly he saw her, for 'twas far in Night,
 And the *New Moon* but edg'd the Clouds with Light.
 Her Charms and Beauties were, he thought, encreast.
 Ah! then a thousand Passions tore his Breast;

Desire

Desire of her, Rage for his Follies past.
 Low at her Feet himself in Tears he cast ;
 And for his Faults his Piety accus'd,
 He swore her Love he no way else abus'd ;
 'To her he ne'er did ought but Heav'n prefer,
 And now not that, he wou'd leave Heav'n for her.
 From him she sternly fixt on Earth her Eyes :
 Rocks more regarded him, they gave Replies
 In gentle Echoes ; not a word she spoke,
 Away she fiercely with Aversion broke ;
 And wand'ring fast into a winding Grove,
 Where her kind Lord met her with equal Love.
Minnum wept, follow'd, begg'd, but all in vain,
 He lost the Lady, and he kept his Pain.
 A new vain Labour now he must begin,
 Toil much for what he little cares to win ;
 Must the *Dean's* Glory raise, his own degrade,
 Leave high-born Beauty for an humble Maid.

F I N I S.

